

# HAPPY BECAUSE GOOD

by  
MISS S. STRICKLAND



DEAN & SONS

TALES OF

GOODNESS  
TRUTH AND KINDNESS  
FOR THE

CHILDREN OF

ENGLAND

SIXPENCE

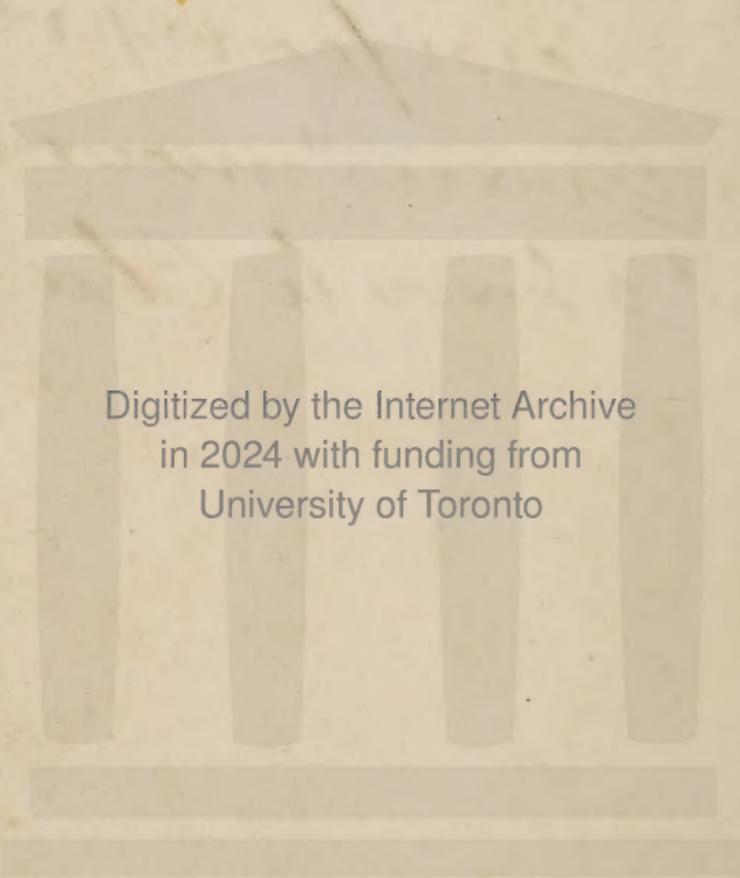
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HAPPY BECAUSE GOOD



THE TAME PHEASANT

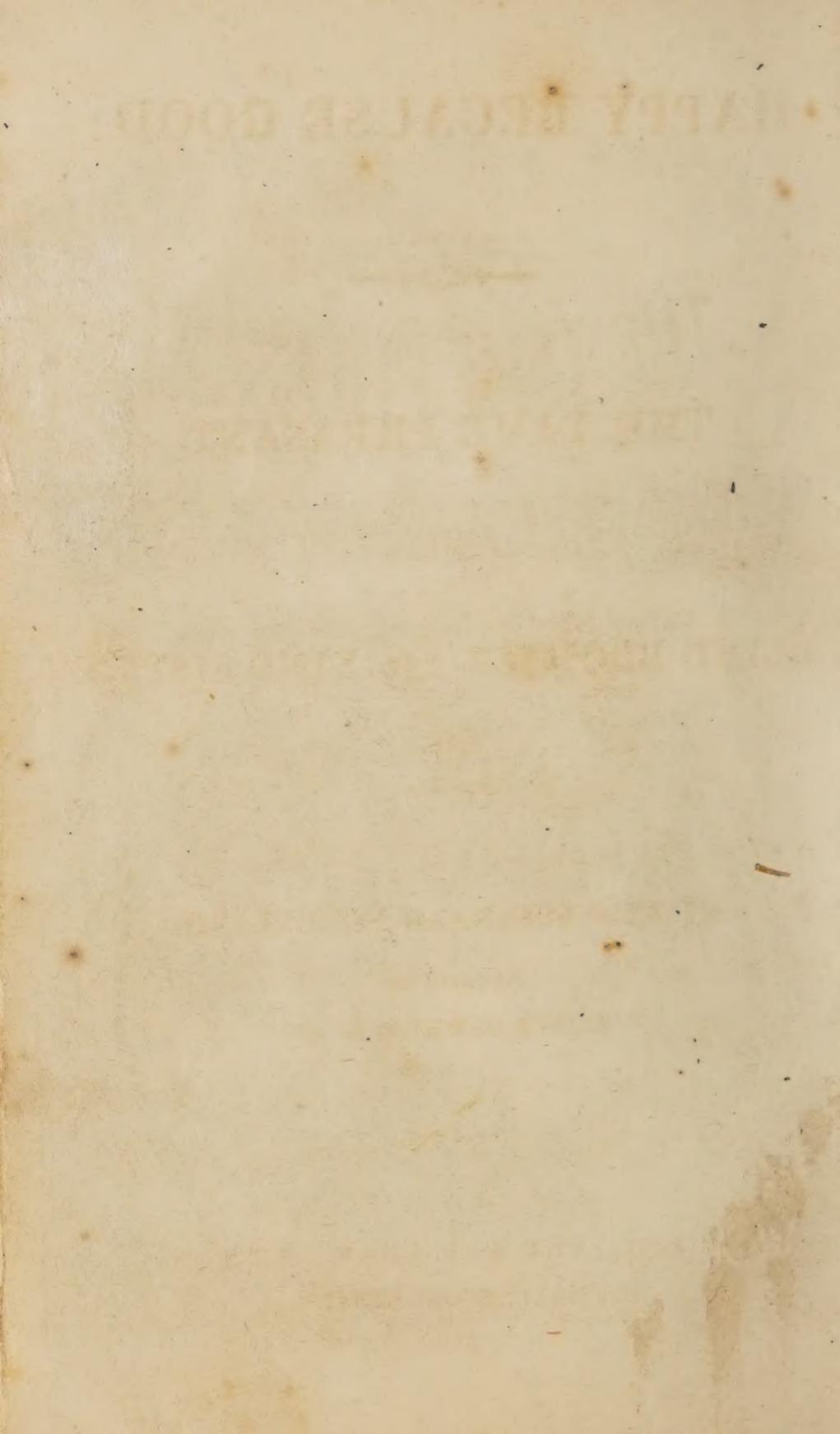
AND THE

BLIND BROTHER & KID SISTER

— BY —

MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND





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AND THE

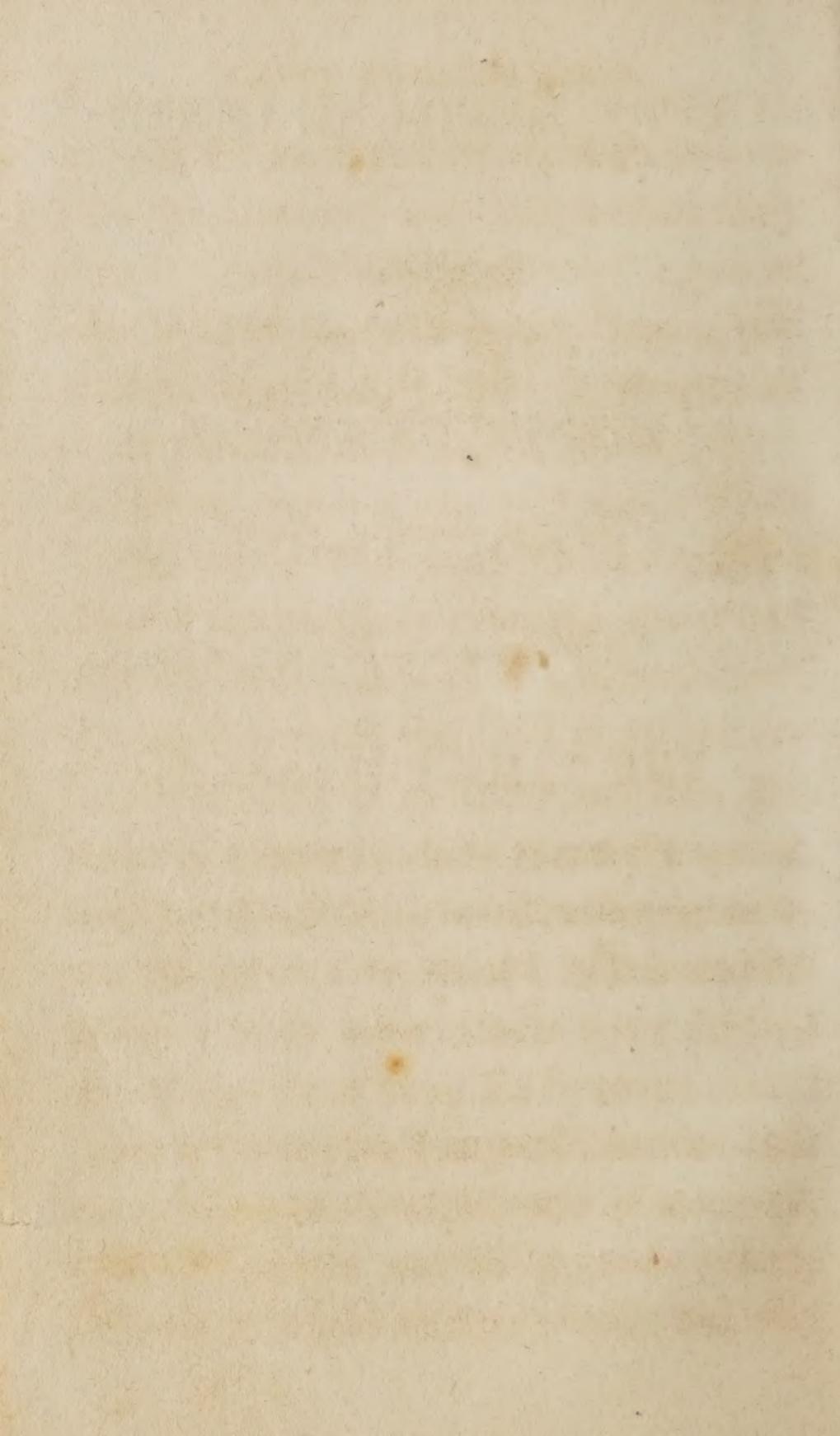
BLIND BROTHER AND KIND SISTER.

BY MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE DOWNY," &c. &c.

LONDON: THOMAS DEAN AND SON,  
THREADNEEDLE-STREET.





*Happy because Good.*

## THE TAME PHEASANT.

A HEN Pheasant made her nest in a tuft of long grass, in a wood, and hatched fifteen little Pheasant chicks, which though very small, were pretty creatures, covered all over with soft down that looked like speckled brown velvet. As soon as the little Pheasants were strong enough to run about, the old hen led them forth among the bushes,

to seek for food, and brought them soon to a fresh raised ant-hill, where they found plentiful store of ants' eggs, of which they made a hearty meal, and slaked their thirst from a stream of clear water that flowed close by.

The little Pheasant chicks passed their time happily enough; they had nothing to do but to play and run about the wood and eat the food provided for them by the hen, their mother, for when she found grain, or ants' eggs, or insects, she would not touch one herself, till she had called her brood to partake of it with her.

When the sun was set, she led all her chicks to some secure place, and gathered them carefully under her, that they might sleep safely, and not

be exposed to the evening dews, or cold night air.

This good mother was so careful over her chicks, that if she only heard the distant bark of a dog, or cry of a hawk, she would call them to her, and sitting down close to the ground among the brakes and bushes, cover them with her wings, and keep them safe from all danger or fear of their enemies.

“My dears,” said the hen Pheasant one day to her chicks, “be careful how you wander too far from my side, for there are hawks and kites and many other fierce birds in this wood, besides dogs and wild cats, who will soon kill you, if I am not near to protect you, and give you timely warning of their approach.”

When the Pheasant chicks were a little bigger, and began to exchange their soft down for feathers, the old hen used to take them into the green cornfields that skirted the wood; for Pheasants like to pick the tender shoots of the wheat and barley, besides which they find plenty of such insects as they love to feed on, beneath the blades of corn.

It chanced one fine sunny day, that in returning from the fields where they had been gathering their food, the hen led her brood into the green lane close by the wood, and being desirous of resting some of the weaker chicks, she called them to her and sat down among the grass and flowers; some nestled under her wings or buried their heads among the warm feathers of her breast,

and by their low chirpings seemed to express their grateful thanks for her affectionate care; while a few, more giddy than the rest, ran carelessly about the lane, chasing the insects or seeking for seed among the flowers. Free from restraint, they ran gaily onward, without thought of danger, and quite forgetful of their kind mother's caution, when a loud and sudden call from her, and a rustling noise among the bushes filled them with alarm; nor were their terrors groundless, for before they had time to gain the sheltering wing of their mother, a spaniel dog sprang from the underwood into the lane. Away ran the Pheasant chicks in every direction, some to the wood, others to the field, but one less fortunate than the rest in running across the lane, fell into a deep rut, from whence

it could by no efforts escape, and where it would have fallen a prey to the dog, had not its piteous cries reached the ears of a lady, who was resting on a green bank beneath a tree at a little distance. Moved by the lamentations of the little creature, she approached the spot, where it lay quite exhausted by the exertions it had made, and taking it up tenderly, she hastened home.

Mrs. Mason (for that was the lady's name) had two children, Arthur and Ellen, both remarkable for their amiable manners and affection for each other. Arthur was very fond of his sister, and never teased or vexed her, as some children will do; he studied every means of making her happy and pleasing her; and Ellen in return loved Arthur dearly, and if he was sick or

sad, would sit by him and bring him her dormice to play with, or read stories to amuse him and make him feel gay. Arthur and Ellen were very fond of little animals, and their mamma permitted them to keep rabbits, and dormice, and birds, because she knew they never neglected to supply them with necessary food, and were kind and good to them.

When Mrs. Mason opened the garden gate, the children ran to meet her as they usually did on her return from walking. “Which of you will take charge of this poor little bird for me?” said she, showing them the little Pheasant as she spoke.

“Oh, mamma, where did you find this pretty brown chicken?” said they

both in a breath. "It is a little Pheasant chick," replied their mother; and she related the manner in which it had fallen into her possession. "I have often taken little Partridges in like way," said she, "I had two that were quite tame and lived in the poultry-yard, when I was a little girl not older than you, Ellen."

"Oh, do give it to me," cried both children, holding up their hands at the same instant, and looking anxiously up in their mamma's face. "I do not like to give to one, lest I should grieve the other," replied their kind mamma. "Then, mamma," said Arthur, "let us be partners in it, and it shall be our bird; I am sure we shall never quarrel about it. And Ellen said, yes dear mamma, give it to us both, and we

will take great care of it, and love it very much." Mrs. Mason, always desirous of giving pleasure to her children, readily granted their requests. "But," added she, "perhaps, my dears, you are not aware that this little creature requires a great deal more care and attention in rearing it than the common chicken does, for although Pheasants are of the same species with the domestic fowls, yet their mode of life and food are somewhat different. This little Pheasant is in its wild state, and, at present, it must be provided with such food as it has hitherto been used to eat. When in the wood and fields, these birds feed on all sorts of corn, especially barley and buckwheat, several kinds of insects, as earwigs and millipides, (which some people call wood-lice,) but their favourite food is

ants' eggs; you may however give this a little curd and a few crumbs, till you have collected some eggs from the ant hills to feed it with ; and, you must keep it warm, or it will die. So you had better put it, for the present, in a basket, with a lot of hay or wool, by the fire, and at night we will put it under the black hen who is hatching in the roost-house, who will take care of it till the morning.”

The children thanked their mother for her kindness in giving them the little Pheasant, and telling them how to feed it; and while Arthur ran off in search of ants' eggs, Ellen went into the kitchen, to ask Sally the dairy-maid to make her some curd, which she willingly did, and brought an old basket which she lined with soft hay, and

covered it over with wool, that the little Pheasant might not die with the cold.

Ellen tenderly caressed the little Pheasant, and holding it against her breast, said “Pretty creature, how glad I am mamma found you! Your mother and brothers and sisters do not know you are with those who will treat you kindly, and not suffer you to want for any thing.”

Arthur soon returned from the fields with plenty of such food as his mother had recommended to him, which he placed before the little Pheasant, but it was shy and would not eat, while the children looked on; so they put some ants’ eggs in the basket, and covering

it over with some of the wool, placed it in the chimney corner.

Ellen came very often to look at the little Pheasant, and was quite pleased when she observed it had eaten many of the ant' eggs.

As soon as it was dark, Mrs. Mason bade Dan take the little Pheasant and put it under the black hen, in the roost-house. The hen not knowing it from her own chickens, mothered the little stranger and kept it warm till the morning, when it was returned to its basket in the chimney corner.

With the assistance of Dan, the gardener, Arthur made a small enclosure formed with osiers woven very closely together, lest the little Pheas-

ant should get out and run away to the wood: (for Pheasants are wild birds and very fond of liberty.) When the coop was quite finished, Arthur called Ellen to come and look at it, and she brought the little Pheasant and put it into its new house, which was far more commodious than the basket, as it was larger and very light and airy, and placed in a warm dry situation, sheltered both from the wind and rain.

These good children took the greatest pleasure in feeding and caressing the motherless little bird, and it soon began to appear sensible of the attention they bestowed on it. In the course of a few weeks, it grew a fine bird, and was completely covered with feathers of a rich shaded brown

colour, and it became so tame, that it would sit on Arthur's shoulder, or fly to Ellen's hand, or pick out of her hand or lap.

No longer afraid of the Pheasant forsaking them, the children permitted it to enjoy its liberty, and run in the poultry yard, with the other fowls, among which it soon became quite tame and domesticated, but it always returned to roost in its osier house at night.

Arthur and Ellen were so proud of their pet, that they shewed it to every one that came to the house.

There lived in a cottage not far from Mrs. Mason's, a coveteous boy, called William Laws; his father had

been dead some time, and his mother was a foolish woman, and had not brought up her son in the love and fear of God, nor taught him to keep His holy commandments.

Now it happened that his mother sent him one day with a message to Mrs. Mason's house, and as he passed through the court-yard, on his return home, he saw Arthur with the little Pheasant in his arms, and Laws stopped to look at it.

"That is a fine game-fowl you have in your arms, Master Mason," said Laws, "it looks for all the world like a young Pheasant." "And so it is," replied Arthur, and he related to Laws the history of the little Pheasant, and

how much care and pains he and his sister had taken in rearing it.

Laws asked if he was inclined to dispose of it, for he thought he should like to have the Pheasant very much; and as he was very fond of money himself, he imagined that Arthur, who was several years younger, might easily be prevailed on to part with the bird for a small sum; so he took sixpence from his purse to tempt him with; but Arthur rejected the money with some disdain, and said, he would not part with his favourite for all the money Laws could offer him. “Besides,” said he, “my sister loves it as much as I do, and she would almost break her heart were I to part with her pet.”

When Laws found he could not

induce Arthur to sell him the Pheasant, he determined to come in the night and take it. Accordingly as soon as it was dark, he came across the fields, and while Ellen and Arthur were fast asleep in their beds, this dishonest boy robbed the coop and carried away their little favorite.

In the morning, when the children went as usual into the poultry-yard, they were surprised that the Pheasant did not run to meet them, as was its custom to do; at first they thought it might be still at roost, but on going to its house, they found it overturned, and the Pheasant gone.

It was to no manner of purpose that Arthur whistled and Ellen called, and sought for it; the Pheasant could no-

where be seen; and, quite disconsolate for its loss, Ellen hastened weeping to her mother, to inform her of her misfortune. When Mrs. Mason heard what had happened, she was much vexed, because the children were so fond of the Pheasant, and had made it so very tame.

She strove to console her little girl, and bade her not to cry; "For my dear child," said she, "it may have wandered into the fields a little way; if so, it will return to the yard again where it has been accustomed to be fed."

But Arthur feared it had been stolen, for he remembered how anxious Laws had been to purchase the Pheasant of him, the day before; and he

could not help thinking he had come in the night, and had taken it from the coop; and Arthur, by the advice of his mother, offered a reward to any one who would restore it to its rightful owner, or give information respecting it. This had the desired effect, for that very day, a boy came from the village to say that the lost Pheasant was suspected to be in Laws's possession. "For," said the lad, "I heard two men say, that as they were returning from market, late last night, they met Will. Laws crossing the fields in the direction of his own house, with something under his arm; which as far as they could see by the light of the moon, appeared to be a fowl. Supposing that he had stolen it from some of the farmers close by, they asked him how he came by it; but he

made no reply, and run away: they tried to overtake him, but, unluckily, one of them struck his foot against a stump of a tree, which threw him down, so that the boy got away; and when they heard of the Pheasant having been stolen from the coop in Mrs. Mason's poultry-yard, they had no doubt but it was the same that he had under his arm.

Arthur did not stay long after having heard this, you may be sure, but ran with all the speed he could to Laws's cottage; and it was a good thing he did not tarry by the way, for had he been but five minutes later, he would never have seen the little Pheasant again, as you will hear, when I tell you what had like to have befallen it.

When Laws had stolen the bird, he dared not put it in the yard with his mother's hens, lest it should be seen and known to belong to Arthur Mason. This wicked boy told his mother he had taken it from a gin or snare, in a field by the wood; for he was afraid of telling exactly how he had obtained it.

His mother said, "I am afraid we shall get into trouble about this bird, for you know my child, my lord's gamekeeper, who is so strict about poachers, will take us to task for keeping a Pheasant, and as I want something for dinner to-day, let me cut its throat, and then it can tell no tales from the spit. But Laws declared he would not have it killed, after he had the trouble of taking it, and he put

it under a coop in the out-house, at the back of their cottage.

As soon as he was out of sight, his mother said to herself, "I am sure I shall not run any risk by keeping that bird, I shall kill it, and cook it for dinner; but as she was crossing the yard for that purpose, she was met by a man who was in the habit of buying fowls of all sorts, to sell at the market towns near. "Well, Mistress Laws," said he, "can you sell me any fat chickens to-day? I am in great want of poultry at this time." Now Mrs. Laws had only half a dozen old hens in her yard, but she thought she might be able to dispose of the Pheasant, without having any further trouble; so she offered it to him at a moderate price.

The man did not hesitate in purchasing the Pheasant, though at the same time he was well aware that it was not lawful for him to buy game ; he was just on the point of putting the Pheasant into his basket, with the rest of his fowls, when Arthur, out of breath, ran up, and seeing the Pheasant, claimed it as his property.

The man declared he had bought it, and it now belonged to him, and he would not relinquish it.

Arthur then related the history of the Pheasant, and the manner in which it had fallen into his possession. “ You will not, I am sure,” added he, “ detain my property from me, nor be the purchaser of what you know to have been stolen.”

The dealer, convinced of Arthur's rightful claim, gave up the bargain; and Arthur having made Mrs. Laws promise to reprimand her son for his dishonest practices, and tell him that the next offence of the kind would be most severely punished, he put his dear Pheasant into a basket he had brought with him, and turned his steps joyfully towards his own home, thinking how delighted his sister would be on beholding their pet once more in safety.

His mamma was just sitting down to dinner with some friends who had arrived that morning, when Arthur ran into the room quite out of breath, and, heedless of all present, placed the basket on the table, and removing the lid displayed the lost Pheasant to

the eyes of the rejoiced Ellen, who received it with almost a scream of joy; she could not thank her brother enough for having restored her favourite to her again.

The children resolved for the time to come, not to hazard the safety of the Pheasant, by letting it sleep under the coop in the yard, but they carried it every night into the roost-house, where it roosted safe from all danger; nor did any one again attempt to deprive these two amiable children of their beloved bird.

And a gentleman who was present when Arthur restored the Pheasant to his sister, was so much pleased, that he presented to Arthur a great New-

foundland dog, covered all over with black and white curls ; and to Ellen he gave a pair of beautiful turtle doves, in a very handsome gilt cage; as a trifling mark of his esteem, and a reward for their amiable conduct and kindness of heart.

END OF THE TAME PHEASANT.

THE  
BLIND BROTHER AND  
KIND SISTER.

HENRIETTA VALMONT was a child of a lively temper; she possessed many amiable and engaging qualities, but she had one great fault that rendered her character less charming than it would otherwise have been. She was very selfish, and, like many others of a like disposition, she studied only her own pleasure, and was quite indifferent to the comfort of those around her.

Her father had for many years been an officer in the army; but, in consequence of his increasing ill-health, he was obliged to quit the service, and retire upon his half pay to a little estate in the country, where he hoped to recover his strength and derive much pleasure from the society of his only child.

“ My little Henrietta is now nearly twelve years of age,” said he to the Physician, “ and she will be my nurse and companion.” But the character of a nurse was wholly new to Henrietta, who, I am sorry to say, did not like to give up to her father that time which she was accustomed to devote to her own amusements.

So thoughtless and so selfish had she

become, that she was careless, and sometimes neglected to give him his medicine at the proper hours, though she knew he liked to receive it from no hand so well as hers. This neglect gave great pain to her affectionate father.

“It was not thus that you were slighted during your infant years,” said he, one day, to his thoughtless daughter; “you were always either in my arms, or those of your dear mother, who watched your cradle while you slept, and soothed your wailings, hoping that when you grew older, you would repay our cares by the most grateful affection and attention to us.”

These words, pronounced with an

air of gentle reproach, had for some time the desired effect on the conduct of Henrietta, who felt ashamed of her neglectful behaviour to so kind a parent.

Her poor father's health still continuing in a declining state, he resolved to travel in the warmer parts of France, to try the benefit of change of air; and Henrietta was rejoiced, when informed by her father, she was to be his travelling companion.

Naturally of a light and joyous disposition, she was charmed with all she saw, for every thing was new to her; her gaiety amused her father, whose greatest pleasure seemed to consist in rendering her happy.—If she appeared more than usually

pleased by any village or town they passed through, he would remain there for several days, or even weeks, until they had examined every thing in the neighbourhood worthy of notice.

Sometimes, if a more pleasing scene than usual presented itself in their journey, they quitted the travelling chaise, and rambled wherever fancy led them.

The summer had already passed away in travelling, and a rapid improvement had taken place in the health of the invalid; he was now able to walk without complaining of fatigue; his appetite was greatly restored, and his spirits better than they had been for many months before he left home.

It was toward the close of a delightful day, in the middle of September, that Henrietta and her father reached a little hamlet situated in a pleasant valley near the outskirts of a forest.

The inhabitants of the hamlet had not yet completed the labours of the vineyard; and Henrietta and her father, tempted by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the coolness of the evening hour, left the carriage and strolled onwards through the valley, till the sound of many voices mingled with the sprightly notes of a pipe and tabor, attracted the notice of Henrietta. “Ah, papa,” said she, turning to her father with a lively air, “do you not hear music? and see!” added she, bending eagerly forward; “there are villagers dancing beneath

the shade of those trees. Let us go nearer and observe them."

Her father consented to her request, and they directed their steps to where the young people were dancing, and the aged people looking on, and seated themselves on a vacant bench beneath a neighbouring tree.

The peasants welcomed the strangers with every mark of hospitality, and handed them such refreshments as their humble station afforded, in fact, part of their own suppers; such as new milk, rye cakes, and bunches of the finest grapes, fresh gathered from the vines.

They informed Henrietta it was the birth-day of one of the elders

of the village, and that it was customary among them to give a little fête on such occasions.

The village girls, were all dressed in white linen gowns, tied with coloured ribbons, and their heads were adorned with chaplets of flowers. Henrietta was delighted with all she saw, and almost wished she had been born a peasant girl, that she might have shared in the lively scene before her.

When the young people were tired of dancing, they ranged themselves in groupes, on the grass, and sang several vintage songs, and choruses. When the singing was concluded, and the party about to separate, Henrietta said to her father, “ Dear father, per-

mit me to bestow a small sum of money on these good girls, in return for the pleasure they have afforded us this evening.” Her father readily consented to her request, and added something on his own account, to her donation.

“Accept this trifle from my father and myself,” said Henrietta advancing to the groupe of young females; “it will buy ribbons for your next holiday.”

Claudine, one of the village girls, curtseyed respectfully, and thanked Henrietta for her kindness, but declined her gift, saying; “Our parents would be displeased with us, were we to accept your bounty, because we are in no want of any-thing: but,’

added she, "perhaps it might be acceptable to Annette and her blind brother." And she directed Henrietta's attention towards a pale sickly looking youth, who, with his sister, had performed the part of musicians for the dance.

The patient look of the poor youth, as he sat on the grass, leaning his head against the shoulder of his sister, and the expression of tender anxiety that appeared in the eyes of the young Annette, as she turned them from time to time on the pale face of her blind brother, excited great interest in Henrietta, and she continued to regard them for a few minutes in thoughtful silence; then turning to Claudine, she asked her who they were, and where they lived. "They are two

poor orphans, who live with their grandfather, in a little cabin, at the entrance of the forest ;” replied Claudine. “ It is now seven, nearly eight, years ago, since they first came to live in our village. The hamlet in which they formerly lived was entirely consumed by a fire, which broke out in the dead of the night, and old Clement, with his wife and widowed daughter, and her two children, were by this sad calamity deprived of all their little property, and rendered at once destitute and homeless.

“ They, with many others who had suffered, by the same unfortunate circumstance, came to our village to seek shelter from the inclemency of the season ; for it was in the month

of January, just after the Christmas feast that the fire happened.

“I remember,” continued Claudine, “standing at our cottage door, and weeping to see the distress of these poor people. Annette was then only a little girl of six years of age, and Philippe a year or two older. My father, who is one of the head men in our village, caused a subscription to be raised, to provide a few necessaries for them; and our good neighbours built a little cottage on a waste piece of ground, near the entrance of the forest, in which they placed old Clement and his family, and he has followed the occupation of a wood-cutter, from that time until this very day; but, poor man, he had many trials; for first his wife died,

and then he lost his daughter, who fell ill with a bad fever, and died in the course of a few days; she sent for my mother, (whom she loved much,) to be with her in her illness.

“I have heard my mother say, it was a sad sight to see the grief of the poor old man, and that of the two children; they were just old enough to feel her loss.

“Not long after this, Philippe caught the small pox, and had it so bad that it deprived him of his sight, and left him pale and sickly, as you now see him.

“Old Clement was quite inconsolable for a long time after this fresh

calamity had fallen upon his family; but poor Philippe bears his sufferings so patiently, and Annette is so dutiful and takes so much care of her blind brother, that he no longer feels his misfortune as keenly as he used to do.

“As to Annette, she is beloved by all who know her; she is the kindest and the most dutiful of children; her cottage is a pattern of neatness, she does all the work of the house, herself; milks the cow, sews for the family, and finds time to assist in the cultivation of their little garden. Philippe is not idle either, for he has learned to weave baskets, which he sells at the season of the vintage; but his chief delight consists in playing on his pipe; and Annette, to please her brother, has learned to accompany

him, with the tamborine. They are always pleased to perform the part of musicians to us when we dance of an evening; and we, in return for this service, make them a little present of new cheese, sweet rye cakes, or fruit: just what we think may prove most acceptable to them."

Henrietta thanked Claudine for her interesting narrative, and when it was concluded, she approached the spot where Annette and her brother were sitting, and placed in her hand the money which Claudine and her companions had declined taking.

It was with some difficulty that Henrietta prevailed on the modest Annette, to accept of her bounty. "Take it, my good girl," said she,

“as a small reward for your kindness in attending on your aged grandfather, and your poor blind brother, who must often be great trouble to you.”

“ Ah my good young lady,” replied Annette, turning her eyes filled with tears on the face of her brother, as she spoke. “ I should indeed be a most unworthy girl, did I consider any little service done for him as a trouble ; for he was ever the kindest brother to me ; had it been my lot to be blind, instead of him, he would have done for me all that I now do for him ; and were I to neglect him, he would feel his misfortune more severely than he now does. He first directed my infant steps, and taught me how to walk. My mother has often told

me, how much he loved me, and that I would at any time quit her or my father, and stretch forth my little arms to my brother, and run with tottering steps to meet him. Oh ! my good Philippe shall never want a guide to direct him, while Annette is living,” added the affectionate sister, pressing the hand of her blind brother, tenderly, as she spoke.

Henrietta was sensibly affected by the amiable conduct of this peasant girl towards her brother; “Annette is far more worthy than I am,” thought she, as she slowly returned towards the spot where she had left her father. During their walk back toward the hamlet, Henrietta talked of no one but Annette and her blind brother.

"I am sure I should be much happier and better, were Annette always near me," said she, "I should like to have her for a little waiting maid; and then I should, in time, become as good and as careful as she is." When Henrietta formed this wish, it was a very selfish one, and she forgot the sorrow such an arrangement would occasion to poor old Clement and his blind grandson, were she to take from them the comfort of their lives. Henrietta did not think of this, and she teased her father till he consented to accompany her on the following morning, to the cottage to make the proposal to Annette.

The following morning, Henrietta rose early to hasten breakfast, that they might reach the cottage before

Annette would be gone out to work in the vineyards, or in the forest: but her father was indisposed, and did not leave his room, until near dinner time.

Unused to bear the slightest disappointment, Henrietta was out of spirit and restless the whole morning; she did nothing but sigh and look out of the window; her work fell from her hands through listlessness, her book shared the same fate, her embroidery thrown aside for her drawing, and that in turn was relinquished for something else. Henrietta forgot the good resolutions she had made the evening before, and was inattentive to her father, and hardly refrained from giving way to her discontented feelings.

Towards evening, her father, yielding to her entreaties, agreed to accompany her on horse-back to the cottage.

Not far from the door they overtook Annette, with a basket on her arm; she had been to the hamlet, to buy bread for supper. “See, papa,” said Henrietta, “this is Annette, the little girl of whom I spoke last night.”

“Annette,” added she, “I am come to ask if you will leave this cottage, where you have so much labour to do, and come and live with me, and be my waiting maid; I will be a kind mistress to you, and you shall not want for any comfort that I can procure for you.”

Annette thanked Henrietta for her

kindness, but declared she would on no account leave her grandfather, nor yet her brother; “they have no one but myself to work for them, and my poor brother would break his heart were I to leave him to the care of strangers. Besides,” added she, with a more lively air; “if I work for them, they repay me by the warmest affections. Enter our little cabin, if you please, and judge whether I could be more comfortable or happier were I to exchange it even for a palace.”

Annette was right, her cottage though small, was convenient, and though the furniture it contained was of the commonest description, and the walls bare, and the floor sanded, yet every thing was clean, and an air

of neatness and comfort appeared throughout the little dwelling, that spoke much for the industry and good management of its young mistress.

Old Clement had just returned from cutting wood in the forest: they welcomed the strangers with much hospitality, and pressed them to partake of the humble meal which Annette had provided. The kind invitation was not rejected by Henrietta and her father, and Annette placed before their guests, new milk, fresh butter of her own making, brown bread, some honeycomb, and ripe grapes, fresh gathered from the vine that covered the front of the cottage.

“See,” said the old man turning to his guests, “this is our daily food:

what can be more wholesome ? Labour gives us an appetite to relish it, and we are grateful to God, who has blessed us with health and the means of procuring it from day to day."

During their visit at the cottage, Henrietta could not help observing how kind and attentive Annette was to her old grandfather ; a look was sufficient to bring her to his side ; it appeared to be her whole study to wait upon him, and prevent his wishes. And Henrietta began to perceive how cruel it would have been to have deprived the poor old man of his good girl, who was the support and comfort of his declining years. And she could not help thinking, during her walk back to the hamlet, " how different was Annette's conduct from her own ;

Annette's sole pleasure seemed to consist in contributing to the happiness of others, while she had hitherto studied only her own. "I will endeavour for the future to correct in myself all selfish feelings, and be to my father, all that Annette is to her's," said Henrietta to herself: and it was not long before she had an opportunity of proving the sincerity of her resolutions.

One beautiful evening, Henrietta and her father walked out with the intention of paying a visit to the old woodman and his grandchildren, but on their approach to the cottage, they found it empty, its inhabitants not having returned from their labour in the field. Henrietta proposed rambling a little further, and they

strolled carelessly onward, till they reached the entrance of the forest.

"It is not dark yet," said Henrietta, casting a wishful glance among the trees before her; "see, papa" added she, (looking toward the west,) the sun is only now sinking behind those hills. Let us walk a little way into this beautiful wood, and enjoy the refreshing coolness of the shade?" Her indulgent father yeilded to her wishes, and they proceeded onward for some time; till the increasing gloom warned them of the lateness of the hour, and they reluctantly turned their steps homeward, but had not proceeded many paces, when a shrill whistle made them quicken their steps, and the next minute, two robbers sprung upon them, from among

the underwood, where they had been concealed. Henrietta screamed loudly for help, while her father endeavoured to defend himself from the attack of the ruffians; he received however, a severe wound in the arm which quite disabled him, and he sunk on the ground, overcome by pain and loss of blood. When a sudden rustling among the trees, and the sound of approaching steps, alarmed the robbers, who instantly fled.

Henrietta supported the drooping head of her father on her knees, while her tears flowed fast over his pale cheek; she did not know that he had only swooned, and she imagined, from the paleness of his face and the motionless manner in which he lay, that he was dead or dying, and in an

agony of distress, she repeated her cries for help.

Her cries reached the ears of Annette, who chanced to be crossing the forest in search of her cow, which had that evening strayed further than usual, and she hastened toward the spot where Henrietta sat weeping by her father.

A few words were sufficient to explain to Annette what had happened, and with a presence of mind which fear had deprived Henrietta of, she took the handkerchief from her own neck and bound up the bleeding arm, assuring Henrietta, at the same time, that her father had only fainted through loss of blood; but that with proper assistance he would soon re-

cover; then bidding her make herself easy till her return, she hastened to obtain that assistance, and disappeared among the dark glades of the forest, with the speed of a young fawn.

Henrietta counted the moments of her absence with the greatest anxiety: the shades of evening were closing darkly round, and her young heart was filled with mingled sensations of grief and terror; her uneasiness was at length dispelled by the return of her young friend, accompanied by several peasants bearing a sort of litter, on which they placed her father, and directed by Annette, conveyed him to the cottage, and laid him on old Clement's bed.

The surgeon of the village soon

arrived, (for careful Annette had dispatched a messenger to him,) and administered a restorative cordial which had the desired effect, for in a few minutes Henrietta had the satisfaction of seeing her father once more open his eyes, and heard him in a feeble voice pronounce her name. Full of joy, she flew to him, and throwing her arms round his neck wept with joy. "Ah dearest papa," said she, "When I saw you, a little while since, I thought you never would have looked up or spoken to your poor child again."

The surgeon assured Henrietta that her father's wound was not dangerous, but that he required good nursing and to be kept very quiet: he then applied the necessary bandages to the

arm, and departed, promising to call on the following day.

The kind Annette entreated Henrietta to lie down on her little bed for a few hours, while she watched by the bed of the invalid. "I am stronger than you, and better able to bear fatigue;" said she; but Henrietta, though much fatigued, would on no account be persuaded to leave her father.

"You have convinced me, my good Annette," said she, taking the hand of her young friend as she spoke, "that there is no one so fitting to attend on a parent in time of sickness, as his child; I have no right to leave another to perform my duty." "At least" said Annette, "permit me to

be your assistant." This request Henrietta did not refuse; and, under the care of these two amiable girls, aided by the skill of the good surgeon, the patient was soon out of danger, though his recovery to health appeared but slow.

Since Henrietta had become an inmate of the cottage, a great change had taken place in her conduct, for the better. No longer heedless, she seemed to take pleasure in attending on her father, and performing for him all those little services which are so pleasing to the sick.

Henrietta had never been so happy in her life before, and her time passed swiftly away, nor did she ever find it hang heavily on her hand.

Henrietta's father daily improved in health, and he began talking of returning home. Henrietta could not hear her father propose leaving the cottage, where she had been so truly happy, without feelings of regret.

A few days previous to that which was fixed upon for their departure, her father requested old Clement and his grandchildren to accompany him as far as the hamlet, to give him their opinion of a little house and ground he had taken.

He then led the way to a neat little dwelling situated in a delightful part of the valley, surrounded by orchards, vineyards, and cornfields; the house was convenient and furnished with good, though plain furniture, and there

were two cows, and a small flock of sheep on a piece of pasture behind the house.

Old Clement assured him it was the most fruitful spot of ground in the whole district. "I am glad to hear so good a character of it," he replied smiling, "but it is not for myself that I have taken this estate, but for you and for your grandchildren; the only condition I desire is that you will permit me and Henrietta to occupy the two rooms for a month or so, every vintage. Receive it at my hands," he added "as a small compensation for the kindness and hospitality I have experienced from you, and for the good example my dear child has gained from your amiable children, and may you live many

years to enjoy the fruits of your industry upon it."

It is needless to describe the grateful transports of the astonished family; and Henrietta and her father felt truly happy in witnessing the surprise and delight of their humble but worthy friend.

Henrietta had by her father's desire invited all the inhabitants of the hamlet, both old and young, to partake of a rural feast, a kind of parting festival, which was prepared on the village green, and she had provided a little present for each person, suitable to their age and situation: for the young girls there were ribbons of various hues, a few books, and implements for needlework, for the elder

females, caps and shawls, and there were gloves and hats for the men and boys.

Never was there a happier party than that which assembled to dance on the village green; and when the dance was concluded a party of the village girls, conducted by Annette and Philippe, approached Henrietta with a chaplet formed of those flowers which from their unfading qualities are called everlasting.

“It is the custom in our village,” said they, “once a year to bestow a crown of this sort on her whom we deem most worthy of it; for these flowers are considered as emblems of goodness and virtue, because they retain their brightness when all others have de-

cayed and faded away. We therefore offer it to you as a mark of esteem, as the only gift worth your acceptance ;” Annette to whom it had generally been awarded, then stepped forward and placed the wreath round Henrietta’s head. “ Dear young lady,” said she affectionately regarding Henrietta as she spoke, “ when you return home to your own home and to your friends, sometimes look on these flowers, and they will recal to your mind the happy hours you have passed in our hamlet, and at the same time remember your friend Annette and her blind brother Philippe.”

I need only add, that the crown of flowers was preserved by Henrietta with great care, and she never forgot the kind inhabitants of the hamlet,

and never failed, once a year, to spend some time with her amiable friend Annette and Philippe.

END OF

THE BLIND BROTHER AND KIND SISTER.

## THE BOX AND ITS USES.

THE best box wood comes from Turkey, a country on the south coast of Europe; what is grown in England is scarcely more than a bush, the same which you see made into bordering round the beds in gardens. The wood of the box tree is used when a fine cross grain is wanted; for, sawed in that manner, and then planed, it becomes so smooth that it is almost like polished stone; this is owing to its being harder than other wood, even than oak. Little boys and girls should like the box tree, for out of it are made tops, and other toys, besides the blocks for wood cuts, by which means they can have, for a few pence, so many pictures to amuse and instruct them. The reason that engravers on

wood, and some instrument-makers use it, is because it is so close and heavy, that it will sink in water, and that reminds me of a short story you may like to hear.

A little boy coming from school, picked up a piece of wood that chanced to be shaped just like a barge, having a hole too bored in it, where the masts should go; so he took it home, and asked cook for a large skewer, which he fastened in with a little glue, then tied a smaller one across it, to fix a sail on; for he was a clever little boy, and liked to do such things for himself and playmates. When he had made rope ladders, and sails, and quite finished his barge, he loaded it with little bags of wool and cotton, meaning to make believe that he was trading up and down the river,

his river being a large washing tub, but, poor fellow! he had made his barge of box-wood. So, instead of sailing, it sank to the bottom. However, being good, as well as clever, he bore the disappointment so well, that his papa went out and bought him a ship, twice as large, and of course a great deal better than any he could make himself; and which sailed across, and round his tub, just as Captain Cook's did round, the world.

### THE BEECH.

The Beech is a beautiful and stately tree, and out of its wood many things are made that are useful in a house, such as trays, bowls, trenchers, and dresser boards; till it comes to a full growth, its timber is too soft to be of great value. Upholsterers make

bedsteads and other furniture, out of the beech: its rind is used for strawberry pottles, and its shavings, to fine wine; even its leaves are of service, for in Switzerland they make mat-trasses of them.

Both deer and swine are fond of its nuts, which are called beech mast, and so are some little boys and girls, though they ought not to eat them. I once knew a little girl, who indeed, according to her taste in eating, was more like a little pig than a little lady, for she not only eat Beech mast, and acorns, but even raw turnips and carrots: such food being improper for her, she lost all her colour, and grew thin. In order to shame her out of so bad a taste, her aunt invited her to a party of young folks, who, after a grand game of play, sat down to a nice din-

ner : there were fowls, and ham, and tarts, and I can't tell you how many more good things, and there was a seat and knife and fork for everybody but one, and that one left out was my little friend Mary. When all the rest were seated, her aunt rang for the maid, and gravely told her to show Miss Mary to the pig-sty. "For," said she, "the pigs having a feast too, of what they like best, I thought, my dear, you would prefer dining with them." The laugh this made, quite shamed Mary out of her love of trash, and she soon got her colour again, and grew as nice a looking little girl as any amongst them.

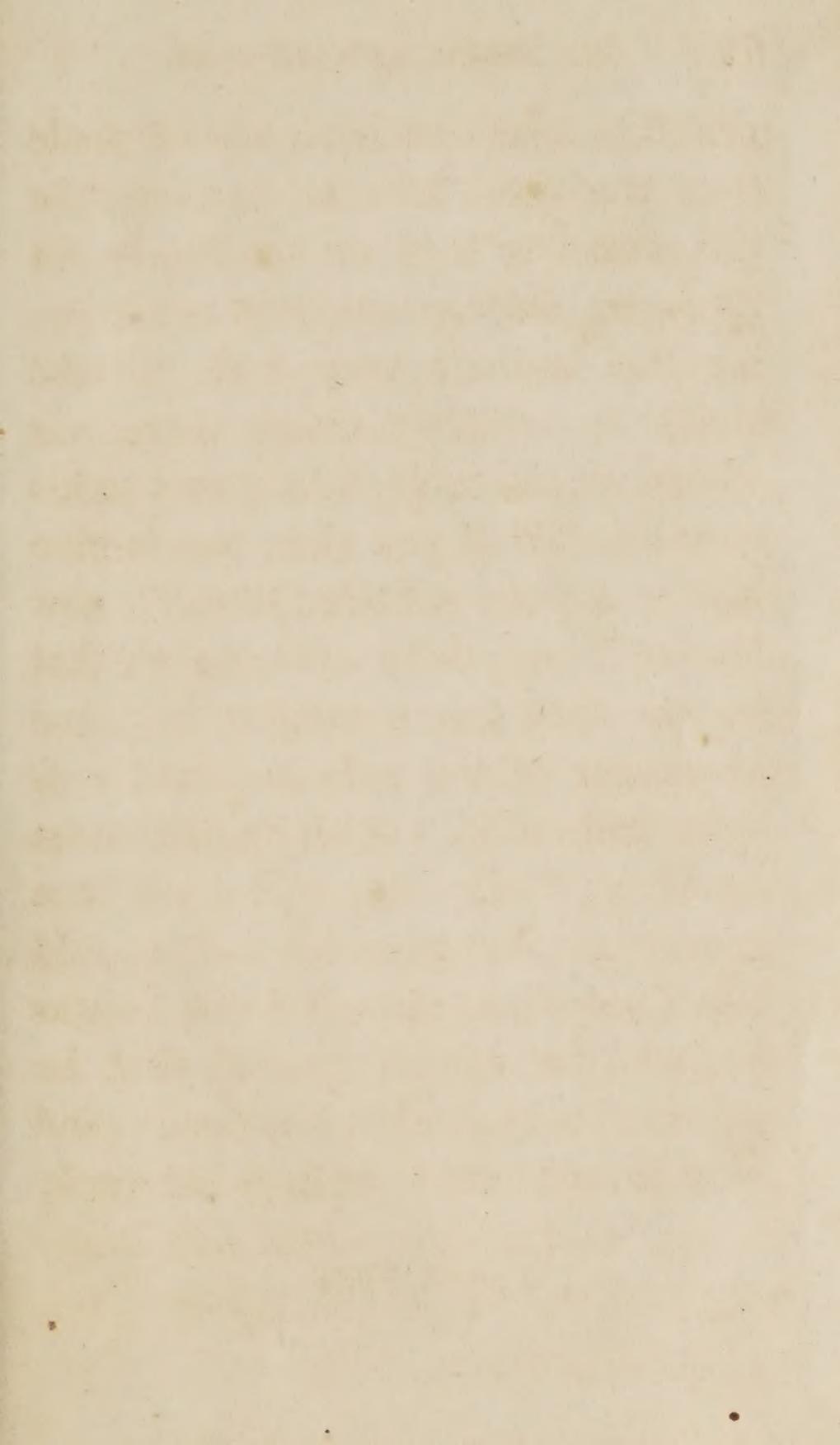
### THE BIRCH.

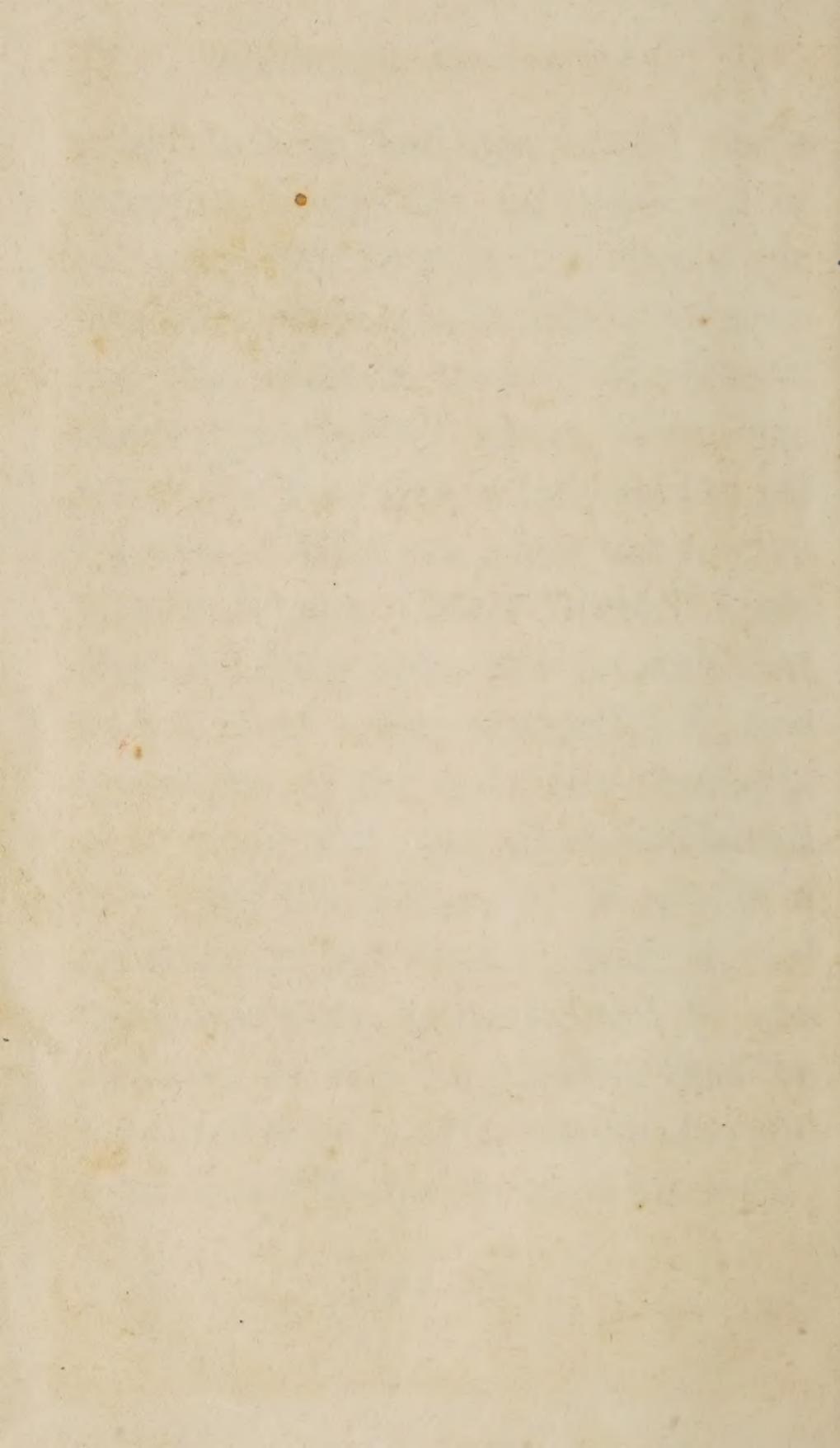
The birch trees most common in England, are the black and white ; the

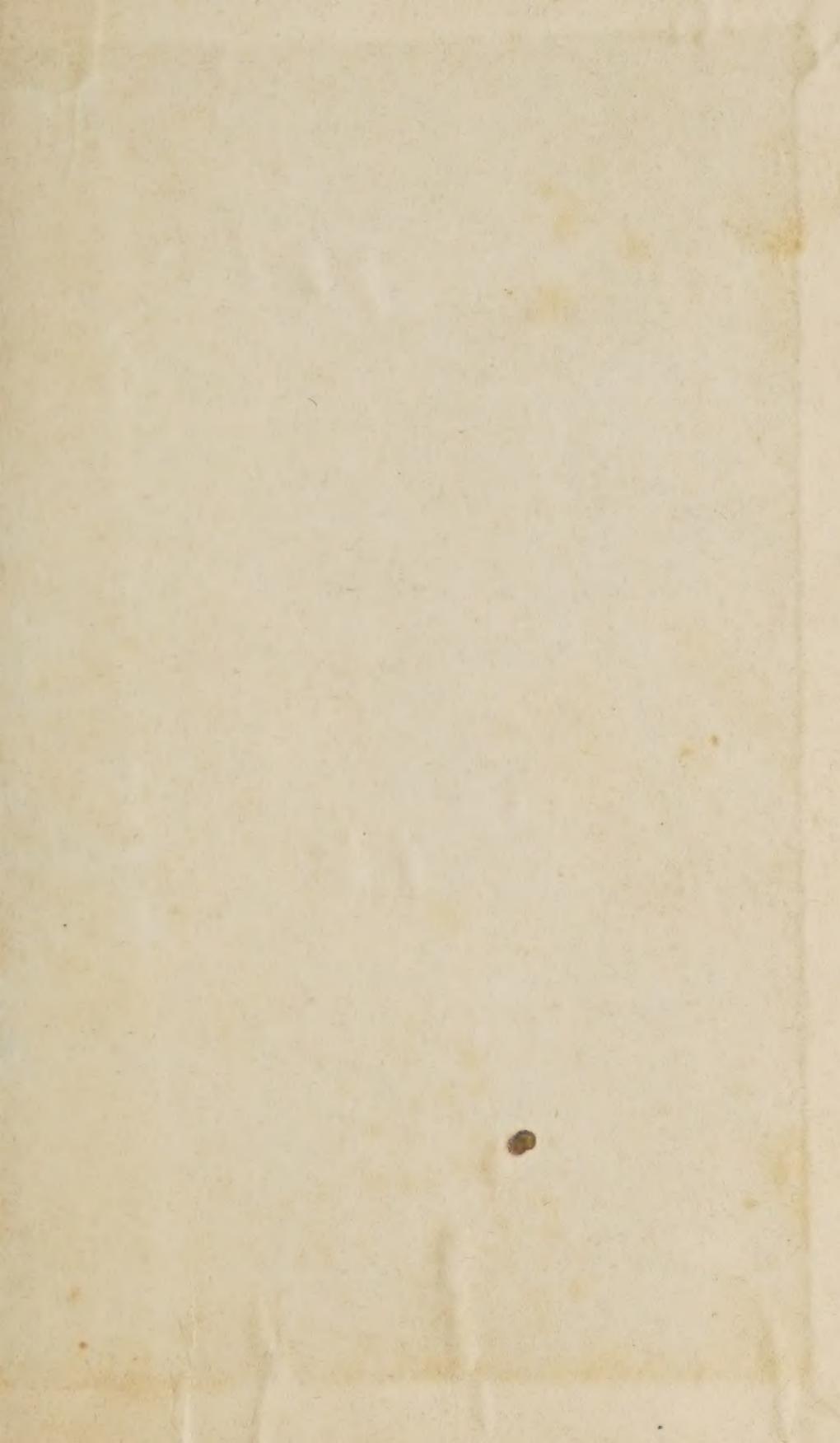
black Birch came from Canada, but the white, is a native of England: there is one very beautiful kind of it called by some, the weeping, by others, the lady Birch; when young, its stem has on it a mixture of brown, yellow, and silver tints, which is very pleasing to look at. There are some Birch trees abroad, of which the bark is firmer and more lasting than the wood it covers; the peasants in Sweden and Lapland peel it off, and shaping it like tiles, cover their cottages with it. The Indian canoes are mostly made of it, sewed together by the fibres stripped from roots of other trees, and then glued over with resin from the Balm of Gilead. The beauty of its leaves and the pleasant scent from its flowers, make the Birch a favourite tree in parks and gardens. You will be sur-

prised to hear that wine can be made from the Birch tree, by tapping it in the same way they do the Maple for its sugar. Once, a little boy, not knowing this, made a very droll mistake about it,—visiting where there was wine upon the table, a lady said to his mamma, “Will you allow me to give Master Johnny a little Birch?” now Master Johnny knew well enough that he was often a very naughty boy, and in danger of the rod; and that rods were made of it, was all he had learnt about the Birch tree; so he was in a great fright, but when his mamma told him it was wine, and not a rod, he was to have, he was so pleased that he promised to be good for the future; and what is still better, he kept his word.

THE END.







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